



Transparent



 12  0  2

Chapter 1 by MJZ

Three. Six. Nine.

Only Shadows, but enough to reconsider what I was about to do. Shadows. The result of several generations of experiments and radical 'shifts in reality' as some liked to describe them; 'unexplained traumatic incorporeal tension' said the people trying to sound the most important; 'Shadows' to everyone else.

Another joined the group, moving in that desperate, unnerving way that only Shadows can. Still, I was resolute. The reason I was here came before personal fret and fantasy. No time to spare. Action.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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